

# THE LADY'S

## WEEKLY



## MISCELLANY.

VOL. XI.]

Saturday, April 28, 1810.

[NO. 1

*DON ALVARO,*

### A SPANISH TALE.

TWO years having been occupied in my travels, during which time I had traversed Switzerland, Germany, and France, I resolved to return to Spain, my native country. I had fixed the day for my departure, when I received letters which informed me of the death of an uncle who resided at Milan; and as he had made me his heir, it was necessary that I should repair to that place. This event changed my resolutions, and I directed my course towards Italy. Not far from the end of my journey, thinking to lessen the fatigue, I determined to proceed some miles by water, and ordered the muleteer, who had hitherto conducted me, to await my arrival at a small village to which I directed him, and promised to join him in a few days.

Men of his class are neither punctual nor delicate, and but seldom faithful to their promises. On arriving at the appointed spot I neither found him nor his mules, nor the coach which he had promised to keep in readiness. I

would have supplied his place, but the village did not afford any vehicle in which I could continue my journey. I had then no alternative but to proceed on foot along the plains of Lombardy. I walked for a whole day; night came on; I was excessively fatigued and still at some miles distance from the spot where I expected to find an asylum, when I perceived a well dressed man following the same path as myself; his thoughtful air and melancholy countenance, gave him the appearance of deep meditation. I could not refrain approaching nearer to examine his features; he seemed about twenty-eight or thirty; his form was elegant, and his face, though very pale and shaded by the deepest gloom, possessed an expression which warmly interested me, and which once must have been very handsome. On beholding me he stopped, and after having gazed on me for some minutes, he said—'Signior, are you not a Spaniard?' 'You are right in your conjecture,' replied I; 'deceived by a man who was to have kept horses and a carriage in waiting for me ten leagues from hence, and the place leaving me no hope of procuring any other

conveyance, I was under the necessity of proceeding on foot to the next village.' 'You are still at some distance from it,' said he, 'and appear much fatigued.' 'I am indeed; and if it is as you say, I fear my strength will fail me.' After having looked at me for some moments in silence, he said: 'I can offer you a shelter for to-night, if nothing particular obliges you to proceed; I possess a house a few steps from hence, and shall be happy to entertain you.' I was not insensible to his kindness; I thanked him, without however knowing whether to accept or reject this unexpected offer. The deep melancholy in which this man was involved inclined me to refuse his invitation, but extreme fatigue and hunger overcome all my scruples, and I accepted it.

When we had proceeded about a hundred paces, we arrived at the door of a garden, which appeared extensive, though not in good order; at the end of it I perceived an old decayed tower, to which I at first imagined he was going to conduct me; but we left this path to enter a dark alley; here we continued walking on for some time without exchanging a word; at last we came in sight of a handsome house; a pointer now ran joyfully leaping and barking before us to welcome his master.— This noise announced our arrival to the servants, several of whom were waiting in the hall. 'This

Cavalier,' said their master, 'whom I have met, sups with me, and will pass the night here: go and prepare accordingly.' They all withdrew in silence, and we entered a saloon. Lights were brought, my host presented me a seat, and threw himself on a sofa by my side.

The silence which reigned throughout the mansion, and the taciturnity of its owner, filled me with astonishment, and I must acknowledge that I had some difficulty in divesting myself of a secret apprehension. I already half repented the facility with which I had allowed myself to be conducted to an unknown spot, where all seemed melancholy, dark, and mysterious, when in about half an hour another door opened, and shewed us that supper was served in the adjacent apartment; for the man who opened it, as silent as his master, had announced it.

Although every thing that occurred increased my astonishment, I followed my host, and we seated ourselves at table; I was very hungry, and suspended my reflections in order to satisfy the cravings of my appetite, but in total silence, and my companion, who observed it as strictly as myself, scarcely touched any thing.

Our repast ended, we returned to the saloon; the door was again closed, and having each of us resumed our former seats, my com-

panion at length broke silence, and in a stifled voice, and a tone truly sepulchral, said:—‘How happy, how very happy are those who are born in obscurity, who are unknown to the rest of mankind, and who pass their lives without any one caring who they are, or what becomes of them! they follow their destiny, without suffering reflection to arrest their steps. The mechanic and the husbandman pass their days without any of their moments being embittered by *en-vy*, sorrow, or remorse; and it might be said that they only live because they have been accustomed to do so. But O, how cruelly are those tormented who by their birth, their fortune, or their situation, are exposed to the eyes of a censorious and, too often, unjust world! They have as many judges of their conduct and actions as there are people more or less inclined to envy, and who take pleasure in injuring and tormenting them. And, alas! how are they judged? They are deceived by appearances, their passions lead them on, and the miserable beings whom they condemn vainly seek to repulse the bitter censures with which they are overwhelmed.’”

The longer I listened to him the less I could devise to what his discourse tended; but it banished my fears, and I only beheld in him a man whose mind seemed greatly oppressed with grief. ‘Yourself,’ added he, fixing his penetrating

eyes on my face, ‘look upon me in the same light as they: you think me a strange, unaccountable being, but I am only unfortunate.’ Do not accuse me,’ replied I, ‘of forming so hasty and frivolous an opinion, or of the same injustice of which you accuse the rest of mankind. Without seeking to penetrate into the various motives by which my fellow-creatures are actuated, I listen to them, and like to conform to their ideas and share their feelings, when I discover goodness and sincerity—Are they happy, I rejoice at their satisfaction; are they serious, absent, or even dull, I endeavor to find the means of alleviating their grief.’ ‘Then pity me,’ replied he: but never may you share the woes which overwhelm me, and do not hope to be able to soften them; they are too dreadful, and will only terminate with my long and miserable existence, when my sufferings shall have sunk me into the tomb. Such is the nature of my misfortunes that I am compelled to hide them from all those who surround me. Persuaded that they are deceived in the conjectures to which my manner of living gives occasion, it is of the greatest importance that I should leave them in their error, and this very error, which on the one hand is so useful to me, covers me with shame. I am a prey to the most cruel despair, no one can guess the cause, and I am forced to conceal it from the whole world. But



you are a stranger, I am unknown to you, we shall perhaps never meet again; it is these various circumstances which have determined me to break a short silence which keeps me on the rack, and to yield to the desire I have of unburthening my sorrows to a sensible and compassionate being, who will lend a soothing ear to my woes. You have promised to pity me: on this I build my hopes. The sensibility awakened by a tale of grief, is a salutary balsam, which does not effect a cure, but which affords a momentary alleviation, and softens the wounds of a lacerated heart.

After a few moments silence, and sighing deeply whilst he wiped his eyes, which were filled with tears, he thus continued—"True felicity does not consist in riches; if it did I should not fail to be happy. I aspired but to one blessing, that of loving and being beloved; ambition never occupied my thoughts: from my youth I had been fond of a country life: the tumult and noise of great cities when I became acquainted with them, tended to increase my love of solitude. Though I am a Spaniard, as you have no doubt perceived, this domain, which had long been possessed by my family, was bequeathed to me by a near relation, and having lost my parents, I left my country at nineteen, and took possession of this place, with which I was so much pleased that I resolved, if possible,

here to end my days. I spent several years without any other projects than those of improving my estate, visiting my neighbours, assisting my dependants, and consoling them under any misfortune. Although I was a great admirer of beauty, and it had the same attractions for me as for youth in general, yet several years insensibly passed without my having the smallest desire of choosing a partner for life. Perhaps my vivid imagination too highly rated the gift of my heart and the loss of my liberty. But, alas! we cannot escape the will of fate; he who thinks himself the farthest from the dreaded abyss is often gradually proceeding towards it.

"Passing one day through the suburbs of Crema, my eyes chanced to fall on a young girl who was seated near an open window, busily employed with her needle. A genteel appearance, a modest though melancholy air, accompanied by a lovely face, made on me one of those lively impressions which are indefinable, and which can never be effaced. Filled with the desire of being better acquainted with her, I learned from the most rigid and indefatigable enquiries, that this lovely girl was not married; that her family, tho' poor, were very respectable: that her father, after having signalized himself in the wars, had brought home no other recompence for his long services than the reputation of a brave officer, and a debilita-

ted constitution, the natural result of the wounds he had received— They also added, that her mother, whom she adored, and whose memory was venerated throughout the canton, had after a long and painful illness, about a year before paid the debt of nature. In short, they concluded by assuring me that the father of this amiable girl derived his chief support from the labour of her hands.

*(To be continued.)*

## BIOGRAPHY.

### THE QUEEN OF DENMARK.

CAROLINA-MATILDA, the youngest sister of his Majesty George III. was born on the 22d of July, 1751, and had the misfortune to be married, in 1766, at the age of fifteen, to Christian VII. of Denmark, who had just succeeded his father Frederic V. in the government of that kingdom.

The character of this prince was not calculated to afford a pledge of the future happiness of such a connection. During the reign of his father, no part of his attention had been devoted to the affairs of government. His fiery temper, which had been vigorously restrained, bore the curb with impatience. He conceived a strong aversion to every restriction of order and decency, and it was evident that the moment he should

be released from the fetters which confined him, he would rush headlong into every species of wanton libertinism.

The sequel justified the supposition. He fell into the hands of men whose seductions, added to his own propensities, led him into the most unbridled extravagance, so that he hated and avoided the sight of every honest and good man, and dreaded the mildest remonstrances against his conduct. No care had been taken to instil into his mind a proper veneration for religion, which, even in his childhood, he was known to treat with the utmost contempt and derision. He was totally unacquainted with every true principle of morality, destitute of dignity of mind or conduct, and wholly regardless of merit in others.

The sanguine hopes which are entertained in every country at the commencement of a new reign, were, as far as they regarded the personal behaviour of his Danish Majesty, in some measure accomplished: but with respect to his attention to the affairs of his dominions, every expectation was disappointed. He dispatched with haste the most important concerns of the state, his dislike to business of every kind increased, and he sunk by degrees into a state of total listlessness and inaction.

Such was the character of monarch to whom the young

lovely, and inexperienced Carolina Matilda was united. His step-mother, the Queen-Dowager Juliana, in whom his excesses and imbecility encouraged the most flattering hopes in behalf of her own son, Prince Frederic, had violently opposed the marriage of the king.—Her disgust was converted into hatred by the arrival of Princess Matilda. Every charm of youth and beauty graced her first appearance at Copenhagen: her whole behaviour was marked with affability and condescension—her every look was replete with benevolence and goodness, and she immediately gained every heart in her dominions.

Juliana beheld these first effects of the appearance of the young queen with heart-felt chagrin.—She well knew the prejudices which the King had conceived against herself and her son: she feared that they might be strengthened by this new connection, and that the influence she still possessed at court might be entirely destroyed. Her apprehensions were but too well founded. The palace of Friedensburg was assigned for her residence, and there she lived in a state of exile. Her aversion of the young Queen grew into the bitterest hatred; the most anxious attention on the part of the latter had no effect on the soured mind of Juliana; a cold degree of civility was all that it produced, and she missed no opportunity of treat-

ing Matilda with haughty superiority.

This disagreeable situation was for some time rendered less irksome to the Queen by the tenderness of her husband, the admiration of the court, and the round of dissipating amusements into which her gay and lively temper caused her to enter with great spirit. This false happiness, however, could not last long; the love of a libertine soon cools, and the King was incapable of a more exalted passion; the admiration of the courtiers was like every feature of their character, inconstant; and the zest of amusements was lost in their constant repetition.

The Queen naturally became indifferent to her husband, and inimical to his step-mother, and her mind was too frank to disguise her sentiments. The monarch was too deeply engaged in the intoxicating circle of pleasures prepared for him by his vicious companions to perceive the change, but it did not escape the vigilant eye of Juliana. The birth of the Prince Royal, which happened in January, 1768, by annihilating all her ambitious prospects, raised her animosity to the highest pitch.

Soon after this event the King set out upon his travels; and during his absence the mutual antipathy of the two Queens took a turn which precluded every hope



of reconciliation, and the partizans of both strove by all possible means to widen the breach. Matilda, forsaken by her husband and hated by his step-mother, endeavoured to draw from the resources of her own mind that comfort which a dull and almost solitary court could not afford. Her life was calm and serene, her hours passed smoothly amid the pleasing cares of maternity, and such occupations as tended to cultivate her understanding. Her mind was naturally susceptible of every improvement; she took great pains to learn the Danish language, and, in a short time, spoke it with a fluency which greatly flattered her subjects.

[To be continued]

*For the Lady's Miscellany.*

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### FEMALE INFELICITY.

*Infelix, nulli bene nupta marito—Ausonius.*

*Unblest, still doom'd to wed with misery.*

THE condition of the female sex has been frequently the subject of compassion to medical writers, because their constitution of body is such that every state of life brings its peculiar diseases: they are placed, according to the proverb, between Scylla and Charibdis, with no other choice than of dangers equally formidable; and whether they embrace mar-

riage, or determine upon a single life, are exposed in consequence of their choice, to sickness, misery, and death.

It were to be wished that so great a degree of natural infelicity might not be increased by adventitious and artificial miseries; and that beings whose beauty we cannot behold without admiration, and whose delicacy we cannot contemplate without tenderness, might be suffered to enjoy every alleviation of their sorrows. But however it has happened, the custom of the world seems to have been formed in a kind of conspiracy against them, though it does not appear but they had themselves an equal share in its establishment; and prescriptions which, by whomsoever they were begun, are now of long continuance, and by consequence of great authority, seem to have almost eluded them from content, in whatever condition they shall pass their lives.

If they refuse the society of men, and continue in that state which is reasonably supposed to place happiness most in their power, they seldom give those who frequent their conversation any exalted notions of the blessings of liberty; for whether it be that they are angry to see with what inconsiderate eagerness other heedless females rush into slavery, or with what absurd vanity the married ladies boast the change of their

condition, and condemn the heroines who assert the natural dignity of their sex : whether they are conscious, that like barren countries, they are free only because they were never thought to deserve the trouble of conquest, or imagine that their sincerity is not always unsuspected, when they declare their contempt of men ; it is certain that they generally appear to have some great and incessant cause of uneasiness, and that many of them have at last been persuaded, by powerful rhetoricians so try the life which they had so long contemned, and put on the bridal ornaments, at a time when they least became them.

What are the real causes of the impatience which the ladies discover in a virgin state, I shall perhaps take some other occasion to examine. That it is not to be envied for its happiness, appears from the solicitude with which it is avoided : from the opinion universally prevalent among the sex, that no woman continues long in it but because he is not invited to forsake it ; from the disposition always shown to treat old maids as the refuse of the world ; from the willingness with which it is often quitted at last by those whose experience has enabled them to judge at leisure, and decide with authority.

Yet such is life, that whatever is proposed, it is much easier to find reasons for rejecting than

embracing *Marriage*, though a certain security from the reproach and solitude of antiquated virginity, has yet as it is usually conducted, many disadvantages, that take away much from the pleasure which society promises, and might afford, if pleasures and pains were honestly shared, and mutual confidence inviolably preserved.

The miseries, indeed, which many ladies suffer under conjugate vexations, are to be considered with great pity, because their husbands are not often taken by them as objects of affection, but forced upon them by authority and violence, or by persuasion and importunity; equally resistless, when urged by those whom they have always been accustomed to reverence and obey ; and it very seldom appears, that those who are thus despotic in the disposal of their children, pay any regard to their domestic or personal felicity, or think it so much to be enquired whether they will be happy, as whether they will be rich.

It may be urged in extenuation of this crime, which parents, not in any other respect to be numbered with robbers and assassins, frequently commit, that in their estimates, riches and happiness are equivalent terms. They have passed their lives with no other wish than that of adding acre to acre, and filling one bag after another, and imagine the advan-

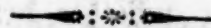


tage of a daughter sufficiently considered, when they have secured her a large jointure, and given her reasonable expectations of living in the midst of pleasures with which she had seen her father and mother solacing their age.

There is an economical oracle received among the prudential part of the world, which advises fathers *to marry their daughters lest they should marry themselves*—by which I suppose it is implied that women left to their conduct generally unite themselves with such partners as contribute very little to their felicity. Who was the author of this maxim, or with what intention it was originally uttered, I have not yet discovered, but imagine that, however solemnly it may be transmitted, or however implicitly received, it can confer no authority which nature has denied; it cannot license Titius to be unjust, lest Caia should be imprudent, nor gives right to imprisonment for life, lest liberty should be ill employed.

That the ladies have sometimes incurred imputations which might naturally produce edicts not much in their favor, must be confessed by their warmest advocates; and I have indeed seldom observed, that when the tenderness or virtue of their parents has preserved them from forced marriage, and left them at large to ~~choose~~ their own path in the laby-

rinth of life, they have made any great advantage of their liberty: they commonly take the opportunity of independence, to trifle away youth, and lose their bloom in a hurry of diversions, recurring in a succession too quick to leave room for any settled reflection; they see the world without gaining experience, and at last regulate their choice by motives trifling as those of a girl and mercenary as those of a miser.



### PREMATURE INTERMENT.

Hasty interment is still a prevalent custom in Russia; and even premature burials are said to be not quite unknown. A short time previous to my departure, the following horrid circumstance was related at St. Petersburg:

A young nobleman, who had squandered away his fortune, found his sister, to whom he applied for assistance, not the least inclined to sacrifice her patrimony to his taste for dissipation. As he considered himself her heir, the wicked thought arose in his breast, to make himself master of her fortune. With this view he found means to give the unfortunate lady a sleeping draught. She was now considered as dead, and, with every appearance of the deepest sorrow, her interment was resolved upon. The corpse was already placed before the altar, when one of her

friends happening to pass the place, was informed of her sudden death. She hurried to the church where the priest was already pronouncing the blessing over the corpse; and, in order to impress the last farewell kiss on the lips of her late dearly beloved friend, she hastened to the coffin. She seized her hands and found it rather flaccid, but not stiff; she touched her cheek and imagined she still felt some natural warmth in it. She insisted on stopping the ceremony and trying whether her friend might not be recalled to life. But all was in vain; neither the brother nor the priest would listen to her solicitations: On the contrary, they ridiculed her as a person out of her mind. Unfortunately, she no where found assistance. She immediately, in her anxiety, threw herself into her carriage, and hastened to the neighbouring seat of government. Here she found a hearing: proper persons accompanied her to investigate the affair; and she drove back with speed, but found her friend already covered with sacred earth. The interment had taken place the day before; and the inhuman brother had already obtained possession of her property, while priests and witnesses attested that the unfortunate person was actually dead. Among the Russians it is reckoned to be a heinous sin to dig up a corpse; and thus the desire of the generous friend for a long time experienced the most violent opposition,

to convince herself of the truth by ocular demonstration; till at last the Commission of Inquiry conceived some suspicion and insisted on opening the grave: when the poor unfortunate lady was discovered to be suffocated, with her face lacerated, and the impression of her nails in the coffin lid. The brother and the priest were immediately taken into custody, and confessed their crime. The punishment they underwent I have not heard of.

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#### WAR:—A DREAM.

I lived on the frontiers of a province, through which a hundred thousand men were passing: the regular order of their march, the animating voice of martial music, their obedience to the commands of their officers, and the fire of courage which kindled in their eyes, and glowed in their countenances, presented the most awful and interesting spectacle. I began to reflect on the motive which could have gathered so many thousand men together around the same standards. If they are led by virtue, if they strike the brow of the proud tyrants of the earth, I mentally exclaimed, of the lawless oppressors of nations, they deserve our respect and our love: they are the brave defenders of the sacred rights of humanity.

On a sudden this crowd of sol-



diers halted and dispersed itself.— Still warm with the ideas which their appearance had awakened in my mind, I followed them, and tried from their expressive gestures to guess the sentiments with which they were inspired. What was my astonishment, when I saw those men, children of the same country, and subject to the same power, drawing their swords against each other with relentless animosity. I ran towards one of them, but it was too late, he was tearing his blood-stained weapon from the corpse of his friend.— “Wretch!” I exclaimed, “do you not spare your companion, your brother?” “He really deserved that name,” he answered with a careless accent; “he has fallen like a brave man.” “But what harm had he done you, that you punished him so cruelly?” “None at all; he was newly enlisted, we quarrelled; it is our custom that every new comer should give a pledge of valor. He behaved very well, and has got no small honor by his conduct, and we are sorry he suffered himself to be slain. Had he better kept on his guard, he would have avoided the blow, and we should have lived good friends together.” “Is it possible,” I replied, with grief and wonder; “what remorseless barbarity! But you are lost unless you hasten to escape; fly, his companions, his superiors will and must avenge his death.” “Avenge his death!—

never. I have only followed their example, and whoever should refuse to fight would be looked upon as a coward. Glory teaches us not to fear death, and you must plainly perceive, that a man who would shrink from a single combat, cannot be expected to do his duty in a day of action. We call this a pattern of courage.” “Yes; but is this courage useful to your country?” “Oh! one death is nothing; look at those two companies that fight together, and cleverly too!” “What senseless ferocity! do they wear the same uniform only that they might murder each other?” “Not at all; their enmity proceeds from the colour of their facings, and the difference between their buttons.” “But they serve beneath the same standard; they march against the same enemy.” “Very true, but meanwhile they decide private quarrels. They abhor each other still more than they hate that enemy whom they are to rout; every officer is jealous of his superior; but soon we shall attack the ———, and then we shall have warm business.” “What, you are going to seek other victims? But if you continue your present conduct, you will be all destroyed before the day of battle comes.” “What is that to us? we live upon death; one cannot make his way but on the corpse of his companion. That is all I know.” “What an horrid employment is yours! why do



you shed the blood of your friend? why feast upon carnage? Have you never felt the influence of pity? How many orphans, how many widows, will mourn your triumphs? Listen awhile to the dictates of your heart, they will condemn your credulity." "This is very fine, but I do not understand it; here is the plain truth: I did nothing till I was five feet eight inches high; I was endowed with an ostrich's stomach, fit to devour every thing, and I found it difficult to supply it with food. One day a good-natured sarjeant, with a well-filled purse and a liberal heart, asked me to follow him to the public house, and after drinking the health of the king, our country, and our friends, till my head began to feel giddy, he spread twelve guineas upon the table, and told me they were mine if I would permit him to pin a cockade to my hat. Had my country herself fallen at my feet, and begged with tears my assistance, she would have produced less effect upon me. I shook his hand and was enlisted, and that day was the most pleasant I had ever spent. I had never been able to satisfy my appetite; but now, I feasted abundantly, was admired by all the girls in the neighbourhood, and made as much noise as I pleased. The tables were soon turned, and I experienced the whole weight of slavery: I deserted four times in seven years;

defeat or victory were alike indifferent to me; any government suited me; I heard every potentate crying aloud, I will give you bread, provided you shed your blood for me when I shall call you to battle. I then determined to sell it as dear as I could.

(To be continued.)

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### LADY'S MISCELLANY.

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NEW-YORK, APRIL 28, 1810.

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### TO THE PUBLIC.

In order that the Miscellany may have a more general circulation than it at present has and as the present price is by some considered too high, we are induced to reduce our terms to *Two Dollars* per annum, or one dollar per volume. In doing this we hope we shall not be disappointed in our expectations; as only by a very large subscription list the paper can be afforded at so low a rate.

MCARTY & WHITE,

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\* \* \* Those of our patrons who intend removing on the first of May, will please give notice at the office, in order that they may be served regularly.

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The office of the Lady's Miscellany will be removed on the 1st

of May to No. 117 Water-street, two doors south of Rosevelt street.

**DIED**, in Kingsbridge, (Ireland) 27th Feb. last, four young children, by shocking catastrophes; the following account of which should serve as a caution to parents not to permit their children to witness scenes of cruelty of any kind. A miller having employed a butcher to kill some pigs for him, and having left his knife behind, the four children, who had witnessed the operation, agreed to play at *kill pig*; the youngest was to be pig, when one of the others, who acted the part of the butcher, stuck him in the throat, and killed him on the spot; the other three, alarmed at what they had done, ran into an adjoining mill and hid themselves under the wheel, which was not working at the time, but was set going almost immediately afterwards, and crushed them to death.

**Casualty**—The body of Mr. James Main, formerly a school-master in this city, and lately of the house of Donaldson & Main, was found on Thursday morning in the White-Hall slip. The jury of inquest brought in their verdict *casualty*.

*Messrs. Editors.*

Perhaps the following, which is

extracted from an old law book, may be of some service to your readers—

“Custom becomes law when it can be traced back to 1189—Forty years custom is binding in ecclesiastical matters; and 60 years in civil ones.”

### FRENCH EMPIRE.

A late authentic account states the French empire to contain 16,784 square leagues, over which is spread a population of 39,347,397 inhabitants, viz: 2,844 people for every square league. Public revenue, 720,000,000 livres, (or 120,000 French crowns.) Army, 569,930 men. Navy, 40 men of war and 30 frigates.

*Winchester, Virg. March 16.*

Extract of a letter from Dr. Barton of Philadelphia, to a gentleman in Frederick county, dated March 13, 1810.

The remains of four vast cities have been discovered in the Spanish province of Campeachy,† and the vicinity. They are of stone, beautifully constructed and adorned with admirable sculptures, of which I have just seen manuscript engravings. The figures plainly shew that these cities were not constructed by any nation of Europe; the physiognomy bespeaks plainly a civilized race of American Indians, certainly more improved than the Mexicans or Peruvians. This discovery strongly confirms my idea of the great antiquity of America: of the ancient state of improvement, of its inhabitants, &c. But perhaps I shall be able, at no very dis-

ant period, to give you much more satisfactory information on the subject.

† The province of Campeachy lies upon the southern coast of the Gulph of Mexico, or more properly upon the Bay of Campeachy, in lat about 20, N. and 300 miles E. of La Vera Cruz.

### MARRIED,

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Kuypers, Mr. Wm. Rapelje, to the amiable and accomplished Miss Maria Vanderburgh, both of Newtown, Long Island.

On the same evening, by the Rev. John McNiece, Mr. William Knott, to Miss Eleanor Grange, all of this city.

On Tuesday evening, by the Rev. Dr. Hobart, Mr. Charles Smith, to Mrs. Ann Wilkins, daughter of the late Garret Rapelje, esq. all of this city.

On Wednesday evening, by the rev. Mr. Phoebus, Mr. Frederick D. Beecker, to Miss Ann Russel, daughter of Mr. Abraham Russel, all of this city.

On Thursday evening, by the rev. Mr. Jones, Mr. John Gilbert, of Utica, to Miss Ann Sketchley, of New-York, second daughter of Mr. Thomas Sketchley, auctioneer.

On the 20th ult. Lieut. Winlock Clerk, of the U. S. Navy

At St. Anns, Jam. Mrs. Elizabeth Fletcher, aged 120.

On Wednesday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Cooper, Mr. Thomas Lefoy Brower, to Miss Magdalene Vanalst, all of this city

At Newark, on Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Richards, Mr. Walter Mitchel, merchant, of this city, to Miss Susan Plum, of that place.

At New-Brunswick, on the 29th of March last, by the Rev. Doctor Clark, Mr. Alexander Ogilvie, merchant, of this city, to Miss Ann Chapman, of that place.

On the 2d inst. Bathurst Jones, Esq. for some years a representative from the county of Hanover, in the House of Delegates of Virginia.

### DIED,

At Philadelphia, on the 23d inst. in the 51st year of his age, Mr. Thomas Ewing

On Wednesday morning last, Captain George H. Whitney, late master of the ship *Atlantic*, of this port, in the 26th year of his age.

On Thursday, James Main, a native of Scotland, formerly a teacher, and since of the house of Donaldson and Main, grocers.

At Porto Rico, Mr. Silvester Van Buskirk, jun. of this city.





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### A PROLOGUE

*On opening the Theatre at Botany Bay,  
spoken by the celebrated Mr. BARRINGTON.*

FROM distant climes, o'er wide spread  
seas we come,  
Though not with much eclat or beat of  
drum ;  
True patriots all, for be it understood,  
We left our country for our country's  
good.  
No private views disgraced our gener-  
ous zeal,  
What urg'd our travels was our coun-  
try's weal ;  
And none will doubt but that our emi-  
gration,  
Has proved most useful to the British  
nation.  
But you inquire, what could our breasts  
inflamm  
With this new passion for Theatric  
fame ?  
What in the practice of our former  
days,  
Could shape our talents to exhibit plays ?  
Your patience, sirs, some observations  
made,  
You'll grant us equal to the scenic trade,  
He who to midnight ladders is no stran-  
ger,  
You'll own, will make an admirable  
*Ranger.*  
To see *Macbeth* we have not far to  
roam,

And sure in *Filch* I shall be quite at  
home.  
Unrivall'd there none will dispute my  
claim  
To high pre-eminence and exalted fame  
As oft on Gad's Hill we have ta'en our  
stand,  
When 'twas so dark you could not see  
your hand ;  
Some true-bred *Falstaff* we may hope  
to start,  
Who when well bolstered, well will play  
his part,  
The scene to vary we shall try in time,  
To treat you with a little Pantomime.  
There light and easy Columbins are  
found,  
And well-tried Harlequins with us  
abound :  
From durance vile our precious selves to  
keep,  
We often have recourse to the flying  
leap.  
To a black face have sometimes ow'd  
escape,  
And Hounslow Heath has proved the  
worth of crape.  
But how, you ask, can we e'er hope to  
soar,  
Above these scenes, and rise to tragic  
lore ?  
Too oft, alas, we forc'd the unwilling  
tear,  
And petrified the heart with real fear,  
*Macbeth* a harvest of applause will reap,  
For some of us I fear have murdered  
sleep.  
This Lady too, with grace will sleep  
and talk,  
Our females have been used at night to  
walk.  
Sometimes indeed, so various is our  
art,  
An actor may improve and mend his  
part ;  
*Give me a horse ! bawls Richard* like a  
drone,  
*We'll find a man would help himself to*  
*our*.

Grant us your favour—put us to the  
test,  
To gain your smiles we'll do our very  
best;  
And without dread of future Turnkey  
loquets,  
Thus, in an honest way, still pick your  
pockets.

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SECRET CORRESPONDENCE.

A young Lady newly married, being  
obliged to shew her husband all the  
letters she wrote, sent the following  
to an inimate friend.

"I cannot be satisfied, my dearest  
friend!

Blest as I am in the matrimonial state,  
unless I pour into your friendly bosom  
which has ever beat in unison with  
mine

the various sensations which swell  
with the liveliest emotions of pleasure,  
my almost bursting heart. I tell you,  
my dear

Husband is the most amiable of men,  
I have now been married seven weeks,  
and

have never found the least reason to  
repent the day that joined us. My  
husband is

both in person and manners far from  
resembling

ugly, cross, old, disagreeable and jeal-  
ous

Monsters, who think by confining to  
secure;

a wife, it is his maxim to treat as a  
bosom friend—and not as a  
play thing, or menial slave, the woman  
of his choice—neither party,  
he says, should always obey implicitly;  
but each yield to the other by turns.

an ancient maiden aunt, near seventy,  
A cheerful, venerable, and pleasant old  
lady,

lives in the house with us—she is the  
de-

light of both young and old; she is ci-  
vil to all the neighbourhood round,  
Generous and charitable to the poor.

I am convinced my husband likes noth-  
ing more

than he does me; he flatters me more  
than the glass; and his intoxication  
(For so I must call the excess of his  
love)

often makes me blush for the unworthi-  
ness

Of its object, and wish I could be more  
deserving

Of the man whose name I bear To  
Say all in one word—and to  
crown the whole—my former lover  
is now my indulgent husband, my fond-  
ness

has returned, and I might have had  
A Prince, without the felicity I find in  
him. Adieu! may you be blest as I  
am un-

able to wish that I could be more  
happy."

N. B. The Key to the above letter,  
is to read the first, and then every alter-  
nate line, only.

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